

THE STELLAR RAY



THIS MAGAZINE STANDS FOR A SCIENTIFIC
SOLUTION OF LIFE'S PROBLEMS.

Physical Upbuilding to Perfect Health

Mental Development Through Freedom
from Prejudice and Bigotry

Spiritual Unfoldment and Aspiration for
Attainment of All Good

FORMERLY
"SUGGESTION"

PUBLISHED BY

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DETROIT, MICH. U. S. A.

What Parents and Guardians Ought to Know

EACH child born into the world is entitled to the best guidance and care the parent is capable of giving it. The Stellar Ray horoscopes are intended to be an important assistance to parents in the comprehension, education and care of their children. A natal chart—cast for the exact time of the child's birth reveals that child's character, mind and disposition, the weak and strong points in the organism as well as the vices and virtues—enables one versed in the science to reveal to the parents or guardians of the child just the lines upon which it can be best trained.

THEY can lay out a plan of education and training adapted to the exact disposition of their offspring and thus avoid friction and promote harmony. They will endeavor to starve out the evil they see, while nourishing and developing the good. If the child has a passionate temper, they will never excite this side of the character, but will use calmness, tact in management, gentleness, not force. If the moral development be weak and the intellectual strong, then it is the former they will seek to stimulate and develop.

THEY will appeal to the child's heart rather than to the head, endeavoring both by precept and example to show the child the greatness of morality. Truth, honesty and compassion will be presented as ideals to be striven for and more to be desired than intellectual greatness. For goodness alone is truly great.

FULL particulars will be cheerfully given to those, who are interested, if they will write to the Astral Science Department of this journal.

THE STELLAR RAY

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EDITORIAL

The Invisible World.

It may seem hackneyed to constantly remind ourselves that all visible forms (technically called objective life) are caused by the invisible world. Although in a sense we know that this is true, we do not realize it as we should so important a truth.

It is not necessary to study this fact laboriously, through text books and labarinthine data, but to simply open the mind and look about us.

It would require many enormous volumes in which to record even the names given by the human family to the visible forms meeting the physical vision, and containing the invisible something we call life.

There is nothing that we can trace to a visible origin. The rocks we are told are formed thus and so, but what is the force back of the law of rock formation? An artist paints a picture, an inventor produces a marvelous commodity; they created them, but by an invisible power; even the source of the fabric or materials and the tools, from which and with which they moulded their creations, is wrapped in mystery. Hence an occasional few moments of thoughtful observation will develop a realization of the dependence of all objective life upon the invisible.

Without the invisible atmosphere, without the invisible warmth, without the invisible source of all things, there would be nothing.



Moss-land.

Place a piece of moss under a powerful microscope; observe the trees, the shrubs, the hills, the valleys, and the myriad of inhabitants busy within

their world—deaf, blind, unconscious of the great forest to which it is so closely related that without its shelter and nourishment Moss-land would not exist. Sometimes, perhaps, their seers catch the echo of bird songs or they climb to their highest viewpoint and obtain a glimpse of the majestic forest tree which shields its tiny world.

The human family is in the main just as oblivious of the life all about it as are the natives of Moss-land.



Unnamed Senses.

Due, however, to the law of intelligence which the human being is bound to obey, he is coming to realize that there is a majesty of existence far beyond his physical vision. This realization will develop faculties now latent, senses unnamed because unknown, that will cause him to become a conscious co-operator with the invisible. There were no electricians until electricity was used; there were no wireless telegraph operators until very recently.

These are invisible forces of nature. The air is full of them. Shall we not breathe deep? Thought-force is becoming tangible enough to be computed by *advoirdupois*. Who dares to say that mankind may not co-operate harmoniously with the invisible, to the upbuilding of perfection!



Injustice to Orientals.

Speaking of the present barbaric system of confining innocent people (the law presumes that all are innocent until proved guilty) for months and years in idle-

ness and suspense waiting trial, the following is a recent example, which arouses us to shamed indignation of a system which so ruthlessly sacrifices human liberty. A Chinaman was arrested in this city (Detroit) a year ago on suspicion of attempting to violate the immigration law. He has been confined in jail during that time waiting his trial. Languishing in idleness and suspense, his health gradually failed and his mind evinces derangement. The other day he was found to be an innocent man, and when told that he was free, he could not comprehend the joyful fact. He was taken from the gaol to the hospital to live or die. Had the subject of the investigation been detained in cheerful surroundings, occupied by remunerative employment, the proceeds of which should assist to reimburse the cost of his criminality if he be found guilty, or which should belong to himself if found innocent, then no such tragedy had occurred.



Systems of Graft.

There have evolved systems of graft from the policy which permits such cruelty. Graft based upon these provisions, viz., first, the Government allows a price for the detention of each suspected emigrant; second, each Chinaman will naturally pay a liberal fee for being found not excludable; third, the gaoler is allowed a price per capita for keeping, and the whole fabrication works together not to protect our country from a tide of inflowing undesirable population (if such it should be), but rather as a means for lining individual pockets.

To return to our illustration. Had an American citizen, innocent of any crime, been thrown into prison to lan-

guish and perhaps die in a foreign country, would we tolerate it? It would be deemed sufficient cause for war, if redress were not made.

America, however, treats many of her own suspected class with reprehensible negligence and delay; and under conditions that are demoralizing and degrading to both the innocent and guilty, as well as abhorrent to the progressive humane mind.



Correct

The System.

The system of dealing with the Chinese immigration matter—we are not speaking of the principle, but the system of enforcing the principle—is wrong from the gaoler back to the shores of China. What misery, crime and enormous expenditure of money and force by individuals and nations might be avoided by a co-operation of both governments, on Chinese soil.

Each nation has its right to exclude from its shores whatever it may deem undesirable. Each nation must care for its own irresponsibles, degenerates, its criminal and non-self-supporting classes. A system of wise surveillance in China, co-operative with our exclusion law, would mean the prohibition of the useless embarkation of those classes to which our ports are closed.



Neighborly Kindness.

If your children trespass upon your neighbor's lawn, and become a burden and annoyance: you are soon instructed to keep them at home. A wise father teaches his children to stay at home, or to become acceptable visitors, thus sparing himself and the children unpleasantness and at the same time respecting

the rights of his neighbor and doing to the neighbor as he would be done by.

"Put yourself in his place" is a method by which judgment and mercy may go hand in hand. America should deal with the Oriental as she expects and requires the Oriental to deal with American citizens.



*Unstinted
Praise.*

Words of praise at the improved appearance of THE STELLAR RAY are unstintedly given us from our readers. We propose to stand in the unfilled breach in magazine literature, which calls for a strictly high class periodical of universal thought, not only for those who already think, but which shall be so simple and attractive in its subject matter that it will be the means of creating thinkers.

"Mind is all powerful when harmonized with spiritual perception." And through reflection comes higher development and better conditions of life.



Old Man Borrow.

Old Man Borrow's everywhere,
Borrowing trouble, borrowing care,
Borrowing grief when life is bright,
Borrowing gloom when hearts are light!

Old Man Borrow's at the door
Of Mr. Rich and Mr. Poor,
Borrowing ache and borrowing pain,
Borrowing shadow, borrowing rain,
Always wants to borrow care—
If you've got enough to spare!

—*Baltimore Sun.*

To one who is in the role of host there can be no more bitter rebuke than to have any guest or chance caller go out from the portals with the feeling that he is sorry he came—that he is depressed rather than uplifted. For all personal association, whether permanent or transient, whether prearranged or a matter of accidental contact, should leave behind it a lingering charm, a deeper sense of the loveliness of life.—*Lillian Whiting.*

The true spirit of conversation consists in building on another man's observation, not overturning it.—*Bulwer.*



*The Evolution
Of a
Statesman.*

Early in the forties of the year 1800, a child first saw the light of day, within a home environment of frugality, fortified by invincible integrity. His infancy was cradled in the arms of pious motherhood. His father was a staunch and true guardian of his fire-side, a good neighbor and reliable citizen.

The child grew to youth. His mind, moulded by these conscientious parents, was taught to fear God, to deal justly with his fellows and to pray for admittance to heaven when he died.

He was told that honesty was the best policy, and to shun the devil, who was a great beast of prey, seeking whom he could devour.

The youth grew to manhood through a life of strenuous effort to provide for his own maintenance and education. He early formed family ties, and then followed a brave strug-

gle whereby his own household was protected from poverty and ignorance. He became a man of affluence and an influential citizen.



Mentality. Thus far we have sketched with a few pen strokes the outline of his bodily expression. The mind, during all these years, has grown to mature independence. A keen sense of justice has developed and he has thrown aside the cringing fear of the Creator of the Universe.

The idea of a Father glorying in the abject fear of his children he dismisses, for he knows that a natural father deplors the obedience of fear. His experience having revealed that mutual love and harmony between father and child produces by far the best results. His reason refuses the nightmare of a personal devil. Even to his limited finite vision the incongruity of an all-wise, all-powerful God permitting such a beast to prowl through his universe is too absurd for a rational mind to accept.

He has given up praying to be taken to heaven when he dies, having decided to accomplish all that he possibly can to enjoy a heaven now, as a more rational proposition and in keeping with his own ideas of a possible achievement of happiness while on earth.



Habit of Protection. The habit formed of looking after the welfare of his family has developed the faculty to consider the welfare of his community, then outward to his state and nation.

The battle of his life has awakened his consciousness to realize that the

earth is one great family, and this spark of realization from the Infinite becomes a fire of enthusiasm for the best good of all, and a statesman steps before the people, to become a father of his country in the broadest sense of the word. A simple, sturdy childhood, environed within the foundation principles of uprightness. Early responsibility and self-reliance are the soil from which a true statesman evolves, whether he first sees the light of the sun in 1840 or in 1907.

The same law prevails whether the child becomes a leader of the people or a desirable citizen.

Were there enough desirable citizens, we should have a nation of statesmen, impregnable to the graftsman's poisoned nectar or the stolid, pompous assumption of Monopolies.



A Special Request.

We ask our readers who are kindly sending us names of their thinking friends to write them very distinctly. We do not mean to fail to send each one a sample copy and if they are clearly written we shall not omit any of them.

Rev. F. D. Leete, D. D., of the Central Methodist church, recently read a paper, "The Virgin Birth," before the Methodist ministers. In the notice announcing the meeting "laymen" were invited to attend. A reporter who presented himself was informed that reporters are not "laymen" and that the pastors had decided not to divulge to the press any of the contents of Dr. Leete's paper. —*The Detroit News-Tribune.*

Regarding Our Business Prosperity.

In pleasant contrast to the dubious prophecies of business collapse and the doleful prognostications of impending industrial conditions in America, in fact that are about to be visited upon the whole earth, we place the following article replete with good common sense and rational practicality before our readers. Being taken from such a reliable source as the pages of the American Trade Digest increases its value as a protest against the habit of doleful forebodings.—EDITOR.

The prophets of evil always find something which they can turn to account as a basis for their warnings of the wrath to come. There is a certain amount of glory for these prophets because occasionally something happens which brings unfavorable results, and they can then come forward with the self-satisfied "I told you so." On the other hand, if there are no unfavorable results the prophets and their prejudices are forgotten, and they lose no credit for their alleged foreknowledge.

At present the prophets of evil are talking more than usual, and claim to see in the recent depression or panic in the stock markets the signs of industrial depression and disasters. But the predicted troubles are slow in coming. Outside of the stock exchanges, and the hysterical operators, there are no evidences of any halting in the business prosperity. In fact, there is no let up in the demand, and although production in all lines of industry is making new records, there is no surplus, as yet, and no weakening of prices, which would result from a surplus.

The best evidence of the actual conditions of production and demand is found in the enormous increase in the volume of railroad traffic which represents the exchanges of commodities. If these were not wanted they would not be made and sold, and would call for no transportation. It may be noted in this connection that the railroads are fast improving the

conditions of the freight traffic and with more rolling stock and better service are doing away with the delays, which caused so much trouble and losses. The bank clearings also furnish evidence in the same line, showing the increased volume of the transactions, and there is no doubt of the fact that business for the first three months of 1907 is considerably greater in volume than for the three months of 1906.

Where then is the basis for predicting depression? The United States Steel Corporation, which is certainly a fair representative of that branch of industry, reports, according to Chairman E. H. Gary, that:

"From the standpoint of the iron and steel industry, business conditions are good. For the month of March orders received by our companies were about 800 tons a day in excess of March, 1906, notwithstanding we have in the books unfilled orders which will employ on the average our full capacity for about nine months. As to the future, we can guess as well as another."

It follows as a truism that with a larger volume of business there must be more capital employed, and hence there will be less lying idle in the banks available for the use of the stock market speculators. It follows also that stocks or bonds giving low interest returns must be considered as less valuable when regular business investments give better returns. With dull business money will seek

the safer investments with the smaller returns, or, in other words, the securities will have a higher nominal value.

No doubt there have been some evils connected with the management of some large corporations, particularly those of a semi-public nature, but these are really few and unimportant when compared with the grand total of all. For the most part it must be admitted that there are few complaints, and that, as the earnings of any business venture depend on the satisfaction given to customers there can be no real conflict between such interests.

Some of the alarmists argue that President Roosevelt is going too far in attacking certain corporations, but, admitting much of this to be true, it must be remembered that his powers are limited. Nothing of real importance can be done without the action of Congress, and such action is necessarily slow and uncertain. It is proper and right to establish the principle that there must be some power in government to control corporations in a general way, but this does not mean that the interference will be carried to an injurious extent, or that freedom of action in business lines will be restricted.

There is a remote possible danger that the demagog agitation which appeals to the masses with the platform "Damn the Rich" might succeed in getting control of government to such an extent that the industrial leaders would hesitate in their enterprises or that capital would be frightened. But in this also there is evidence that the people are getting more sensible. The chief agitator in this line who aspired to be governor of New York State, President of the United States, and political boss generally, has so

far failed to win with all the lavish expenditures, through his newspaper trust.

The people may have hysterics occasionally, but sober second thought makes it clear to them that without the genius of the leaders, who organize and direct, there could be nothing but stagnation for the industrial life. Men who seek profits must do something to give the service to the people from which the profits must come. Big fortunes are the proof that something has been done, affording the employment and earnings which benefit the mass of workers.

With all the wild talk about the domination of the money power, and the trusts, there is the fact that our people as a whole are more prosperous, with more comforts, than was ever before known in human history. As long as enterprise is seeking new fields in hope of more fortunes, there must be larger demand for workers, which in turn means more consumption for products and more prosperity. Hence, although the croakers may croak, there is little danger of any setback in the near future for our splendid industrial activity and business prosperity.



Work.

Perhaps "work" is not as sweet a word to the ear as many another, but looked at aright it has some pleasing aspects. Hidden away in the occupation which goes by the name of work is the kernel of happiness, prosperity and peace.

Useful activity is a blessing without which life might be an unendurable hell. It is undoubtedly true that all work tends toward the realization of the Ideal.—*From The Individualist.*

A man is specially and divinely fortunate, not when his conditions are easy, but when they evoke the very best that is in him; when they provoke him to nobleness and sting him to strength; when they clear his vision, kindle his enthusiasm and inspire his will.—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

* * *

Want of Decision.

BY E. H. V., IN HUMAN CULTURE.

One of the most positive factors against success in life is inability to decide at the proper time.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune."

The most dangerous habit for a young person to acquire is to indulge the inclination to reconsider, balance and weigh a matter after a decision has already been reached. This has a tendency to confuse the brain and make it impossible to get a clear conception. It weakens the power of decision, destroys self-confidence, and is fatal to all achievement. Such a habit is one of the greatest dissipators of mental power, and the man who indulges this habit is foredoomed to failure. A prompt and positive decision when occasion calls for a decision, means success. The wabblers never succeeds. No one can trust him—he cannot be depended upon. He never has any influence among people. He never becomes a leader. The very essence of leadership is confidence in one's own judgment and ability to impose it on others with promptness and vigor.

Indecision deteriorates character in many ways. It not only destroys confidence and ruins the judgment, but it actually paralyzes the executive faculties. The man who is not enthusiastically sure of the wisdom of

his own decision can never execute with vigor.

It is best to decide promptly, even though there may be danger of making a mistake. Better a thousand times suffer the consequences of a mistake now and then than to be forever digging up matters for reconsideration only to weaken your power of decision. The added strength of mind you will acquire by trusting your own judgment and going ahead and doing things will more than compensate for any mistake you may make.

If you go here and there seeking advice in a certain matter, you are lost, for everywhere you ask you will be introduced to a different phase of the case and a different advice, until at last, you will not know which way to turn, and likely in the end, you will not do anything at all, for you will be unable to decide. The best way to do is to make up your own mind and go ahead, indifferent as to what others may think.

There is no one quality that adds more to life's achievements than the power of prompt, vigorous decision, and this not so much because you are wont never to make a mistake, but because it gives you self-confidence, courage and the quality of leadership, for the great majority of people in the world are like stray, wandering sheep, looking around for a bell-wether, and willing to follow in the wake of those who will take the lead.

The man or woman who decides quickly and firmly has an infinitely better chance of success than the one who is always hovering on the brink of hesitation and uncertainty. A decided man with an air of conscious reserve power carries a positive atmosphere. He impresses you with his force and power to do things. His

very presence carries confidence and conviction. All great men have had this manner, and especially great leaders and doers.

The best way to overcome the undesirable habit of indecision is to learn to depend upon yourself. When a question arises for decision, make up your mind to throw all the light possible on the subject, think over it, weigh and consider it yourself, and then decide finally, once for all. According as your intellect is weak and unused, you may make some mistakes in the beginning, but you will find that such positive action of your own judgment will cultivate your intellectual faculties and you will gain also in force of character, courage and self-confidence.

Cultivate the power of quick decision and your weakness will become strength, your reasoning capacity will increase enormously, and your life will simply be made successful beyond your expectations.

Prompt decision and sublime audacity have carried many a great man over crises where deliberations and indecision would have proved fatal. Accustom your mind to make quick, positive, independent decisions. It is the best thing that you can do.



Bible Not Infallible.

Belief in It as Inspired Work Not Essential to Faith, Dr. Harlan Says.

Washington, June 3.—That a belief in the inspiration of the Bible is not the foundation, nor even a part of the foundation, of faith is the assertion made by the Rev. Richard D. Harlan, formerly president of the Lake Forest, Ill., college, and son of Associate Justice John M. Harlan, of the supreme court of the United

States, in his baccalaureate sermon yesterday to the graduates of the George Washington University.

"The Bible," he said, "is not infallible, it is only infallible to reveal Christ to the world." He called the "take-this-or-nothing" method of teaching Christianity the "brigandage method." The speaker declared that it is not necessary to consider the Bible an unerring guide in some of the questions of geology, history and ethics.



From the Scales of Justice.

BY ALGERON WILCOX.

A little justice to a living man is worth all the panegyrics ever spoken over a bier. And there is one American infinitely greater than any who has ever lived, who has done more for the world than any thousand men in it, who deserves a testimonial from the Universe, but who leads the quiet life of a thinker and a worker and is only rarely noticed. He should have a monument a thousand feet high raised by his enthusiastic and appreciative countrymen—not by and by, but now, today. That man is Thomas A. Edison. But great, glorious, illustrious, as he is, and in the face of the fact that he has done more for humanity than any thousand men alive—despite the fact that he is an American, his forgetful colleagues must needs wait until he passes the Golden Gate before they can accord him the glory and honor he has won and deserves, not by destruction but by *creation*, not the sword, but the subtle lightning borrowed from the Almighty, and harnessed for the comfort and use and happiness of mankind.—*From Self-Mastery.*

He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even though he knows he is in the right.—*Cato*.



Indifference to Immortality.

(*From The Literary Digest.*)

What is most striking in the present aspect of the controversy over human immortality is the average man's absolute want of interest in the question. People shrug their shoulders, and turn to their newspaper or their business at the mention or thought of an after-life. The destructive work of modern philosophy and science has actually resulted in so unsettling men's minds that they have grown indifferent to a problem which they despair of ever solving. Such at least is the opinion of William Osler, regius professor of medicine at Oxford, England. Dr. McComb, writing in the London *Quarterly Review*, quotes this eminent physicist as saying that the modern man is indifferent to the whole matter. This finite world is enough for him, and he reckons not of any other. Professor Osler asks:

"Where among the educated and refined, much less among the masses, do we find any ardent desire for a future life? It is not a subject of drawing-room conversation; and the man whose habit it is to buttonhole his acquaintances and inquire earnestly after their souls is shunned like the *Ancient Mariner*. Among the clergy it is not thought polite to refer to so delicate a topic except officially from the pulpit. Most ominous of all, as indicating the utter absence of interest on the part of the public, is the silence of the press, in the columns of which are manifest daily the works of the flesh. Did men really entertain such a wonderful thought as survival

after death, would they not make of it a subject of daily intercourse, and vie with one another in expressions of astonishment and joy at such a glorious prospect?"

Dr. McComb pronounces such a conclusion as this to be "based on a very superficial conception of human nature," and enlarges upon the point as follows:

"Men are dimly conscious that they live in a world full of mysteries, of the strangest contradictions and the most perplexing riddles, such as life and birth, and love and death; yet in the small-talk of the drawing-room and the newspaper these great realities occupy a small place as compared with bridge and whist and football and the latest scandal in 'the smart set.' The trivialities of the moment may well form the light froth that dances on the surface of human intercourse; but to suppose that this is all, that there are no depths beneath where the things that lie nearest our souls lie hid, is to commit the common fallacy of taking a part for the whole. To see that this is so we have but to imagine what would result if science succeeded in proving what Professor Haeckel in his dogmatic way says it has proved, namely, that for man death is the end. Does any one really think that in such an eventuality the majority of the race, and they not the least thoughtful and spiritual, would not be conscious of an irreparable loss, of a dreadful dislocation of the whole inner world, would not feel a horror as if, when gazing at a star-strewn sky, a giant hand were seen putting out the ancient lights of heaven?"

Make it your habit not to be critical about small things.—*Edward Everett Hale*.

HEALTH AND HYGIENE

A Mother's Love.

"Hast thou sounded the depths of
yonder sea,
And knowest the treasures that under
it be?

Hast thou lifted the veil from the
Heaven above?
Then mayest thou know a mother's
love.

"Hast thou fathomed the force of the
wind and the tide,
And the great laws of nature which
move side by side?
Hast thou felt the sweet kisses the
breezes impart?
Then mayest thou know a mother's
heart.

"Hast thou climbed the summit of
yonder great hills?
Hast thou learned the music of mur-
muring rills?
Dost thou know the mission of pray-
ers sent above?
Then mayest thou know a mother's
true love.

"Hast thou seen the flowers 'neath
an angry sky

Beat down by the storm and left to
die,
And then kissed back again to life,
so true?
Then mayest thou know what moth-
ers can do.

"Hast thou seen the ships on an an-
gry sea?
Hast thou seen the lightning strike
the huge oak tree?
Then mayest thou know the force
within,
And show to the world what mother
has been.

"Too great for words, too sweet, too
grand,
Is the life of mothers in every land.
They lift on their wings of faith and
love,
Into the realms of God above,
The children that bless and pray each
day
For the guidance of mother just over
the way."

MRS. MARGARET LE GRANGE,

*Pastor of The New Thought Church,
Detroit, Mich.*

Nature the Great Restorer.

I believe that there is a higher meaning in a vacation in the country than the getting of exercise, or the regaining of health, even, and that is, to get in close touch with power at its fountain head, to put beauty into the life, to drink in the harmonies of nature which restore the lost equilibrium, the shattered ideals. Nature is the great restorer, the great corrective. Intercourse with her makes us normal in mind as well as healthy in

body. In this driving, rushing, commercial age, we do not appreciate the great value of developing the aesthetic side of our nature. Beauty is as important to the higher nature as bread is to the lower.

If there is a sad thing in the world, it is the spectacle of the men and women, who, in their mad scramble for wealth, have crushed out of their lives sentiment and the love of all that is beautiful and sublime. The very process by which they seek to win the

means of enjoyment kills the faculties by which they can enjoy, so that when the average man gets his wealth he is shocked to find that all appreciation of the beautiful in nature, in art, in literature, has been strangled, paralyzed. He finds himself with plenty of money, but without the power of enjoyment, for the enjoying side of his nature is dead. He finds to his sorrow that the straining, striving life is also a starving one.

But why should he be surprised at the death of the finer sensibilities, the appreciation of beauty and love? Would he expect that his business ability, his executive ability would remain strong and vigorous and ready for action if they had not been exercised for a quarter or a half of a century? He knows that in his business or professional life he must keep his faculties exercised or they will lose their power. But somehow the young man seems to think when he starts in this strenuous life, in his quest for wealth, that the tenderer sides of his nature, the sentimental, friendship, and æsthetic sides, which appreciate and love beauty, will remain fresh and vigorous during all the years without giving them a thought until he gets ready to exercise them at fifty or sixty, after he has made his fortune.

This is contrary to Nature's law, which is "Use or lose." She gives us all we ask for, be it muscle, brain, or a sense of the beautiful and the sublime, but we must use it, or she will take it away from us.—*Editor of The Success Magazine.*



Health.

We seem to have no concrete knowledge of health; what we have is more of an abstract nature. I do not believe that any of us have yet

manifested an ideal health, unless it were at moments. But I do believe that the person versed in a knowledge of man's spiritual nature stands a better chance of knowing more about health than the student of conventional medicine and other methods of research into the well-being of the physical body. Mind rather than matter is the fundamental basis of health, and our intuitive or spiritual faculty feels satisfied that it is only with greater abstract knowledge, or a rounding out of the mental and moral nature, that we get a true appreciation of health. With the mind and heart and soul put to rest we have gone far toward the realization of splendid health.—*The Individualist, Boston, Mass.*



A Cure-Testing Commission.

In an article on "The Destructive Tendencies of Modern Life" in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, April), Dr. Richard C. Newton, of Montclair, N. J., says:

"There should be some competent and properly equipped body, like the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association, who will spend the necessary time and trouble to settle the questions, not alone of the physiological diet, but of the proper bodily exercise, of ventilation, heating, bathing, etc., etc., in short, of personal hygiene, as well as the problems affecting the public health, the pollution of streams, and the extinction of tuberculosis.

"Furthermore, any new system of therapeutics or any alleged new remedy should be submitted to this body of experts for trial, and approval or condemnation, before it should be possible to advertise it to the public. A variety of methods of treatment are

from time to time exploited, and no one has the legal right to supervise them or to decide whether, on the one hand, they can do what they are advertised to be able to accomplish or, on the other hand, whether they can be trusted not to harm and injure the people.

"If the government can inspect food, it certainly has a right, and should exercise it, to determine, for example, whether or not any newly advertised method of treatment is safe and appropriate. The objection may be raised against such a proposition as the foregoing that it would be an interference with the personal liberty of which our country is so justly proud; to which the obvious reply is that it is not suggested that any one who wishes to submit to any special course of treatment for a particular disease should be prevented by law from doing so, but every one has a right to know whether the claims of any newly advertised remedy can be substantiated. In other words, it is no infringement of personal liberty to force a person who professes to have a new and valuable remedy to prove that it is at least not injurious before he shall be allowed to exploit it."

* * *

A Tiny Human Machine.

"We met little Joe one day in a Pittsburg toby (cheap cigar) factory," writes Owen R. Lovejoy in the *July Woman's Home Companion*. "A tenement room twelve feet square, with a low ceiling, not an open door or window, was occupied by twelve or thirteen people, who were rolling this cheap cigar. We had gone with a friend of the children to see little Joe, a boy of eleven, who worked twelve hours a day except on one day of the

week, when his hours continued on to midnight.

"As we watched him bending over his table, his fingers flying deftly at their work, we seemed to see two pictures of little Joe, sitting before us. First was the perfect machine, a human organism, trained to lightning motions that produced five or six hundred of these cigars each day, for which he received eight cents a hundred. Second, the sallow face, the lusterless eyes, the narrow chest, the ominous cough, which combined to write with his life blood Nature's curse upon our social neglect. Without speaking a word Joe told us more convincingly about child labor than all the census reports that were ever compiled."

* * *

A Lesson in Logic.

The following is selected from *The Medical Sentinel*, published at Portland, Ore., Henry Waldo Coe, M. D., editor:

When I attended medical school I was taught by example that typhoid patients needed two visits a day from the attending physician. This I followed out until I got a severe jolt from an old farmer only a few months after beginning my practice. Two of his family were down with fever. I attended them regularly twice a day for ten or twelve days. After I had attended them one evening the old farmer said: "Is the folks doin' well?" I said: "Just as well as it is possible for them to do. They will get right along now if nothing unforeseen turns up." "Well," said he, "that's what I think. Then if the folks is doin' so well, what's the use of you comin' two times a day? Ain't onct enough?" I stood there, looking, no doubt, wonderfully insulted, but replied very meekly: "I suppose one

visit a day would keep them going." He said: "Suppose you cut out that mornin' visit and come over along in the evenin', and if anything turns up I will 'phone fer ye." I didn't say "take your folks and go with them. I guess I know how to run a typhoid case. Get some other doctor if my way doesn't suit you." But I swallowed my wrath, for I saw at once the cogency of his reasoning, and replied: "All right. I'll do it." He replied: "Young man, I like your doctorin' all right, but you've got a kinked up notion in your head that these here folks would die unless you come twict a day. You see it's only three miles to your office, an' I have a telephone and you have a telephone, then what's the use of you a-comin' so often? You see, young man, it takes five bushels of taters or four bushel of corn to pay you for every trip. You've come now enough, so as to take over a hundred bushels of taters to pay you. Did you ever raise taters, young man?" I told him I had, and found it hard work. "All right, then. I can't spare 'em all. I want some for seed." So we parted. I was mad, but not mad enough not to go back. Before the next evening I had figured out that this hard-headed, tight-fisted, honest-hearted, plain-spoken old farmer was getting down to the bottom of things in a way that I had not thought of before. He saw plainly enough that a typhoid patient, with no grave complications, needs no more than one visit a day from the attending physician. I had not looked at it from his side of the fence. But he was seeing things from the practical side. Ever since I have tried to look at things from the other fellow's view as well as my own.—C. H. Maxwell, M. D., in the *West Virginia Medical Journal*.

A husband came home one evening, to find a note left for him by his wife. Carelessly, he opened it, but as he read it his face blanched. "My God!" he exclaimed, "how could this have happened so suddenly?" And snatching up his hat, he rushed to the hospital that was near his home.

"I want to see my wife, Mrs. Brown, at once," he said to the head nurse, "before she goes under the knife. Please take my message to her at once."

"Mrs. Brown," echoed the nurse, "there is no Mrs. Brown here."

"Then, to which hospital has she gone," asked the distracted husband. "I found this note from her when I came home," and he handed the note to the nurse, who read:

"Dear Husband: I have gone to have my kimono cut out. Belle."
—Health.

* * *

Extraordinary Theory Advanced.

The following is a clipping sent us by Mr. F. Fernandez, of Matichin, Canal Zone, Panama. It is taken from the *Star and Herald*, Panama, which progressive paper stands "for the cause that lacks assistance; for the wrong that needs assistance; for the future in the distance, and the good that it can do."

A Swiss psychologist, M. Zbinden, of Geneva, asks in the "Archives de Psychologie," of Flourney and Claparede, whether seasickness is not purely imaginary. The facts cited by the learned Helvetian in support of his theory are certainly curious. The first case is the queer experience of a German physician who joined a ship at Hamburg for a trip to Chile as ship's surgeon. It was his first trip to sea and he had consequently no practical experience of seasickness. As the ship was to sail in the middle

of the night, the Herr Doktor went to his bunk. About 2 a. m. some noise caused him to awake and he concluded that the vessel was under weigh. He was at the same time seized with nausea followed by the usual symptoms of seasickness, which confirmed him in his idea that the ship had put to sea. However, he managed to fall asleep again, but his subsequent feelings may be guessed when, upon arising and going on deck before breakfast, he found to his utter disgust that the ship had not budged a foot, but was still moored alongside the wharf. The noise which had awakened him was due to the cargo winches. Our doctor then put on his thinking cap and deduced with impeccable logic that he had been sick because he had been the victim of auto-suggestion in the wrong way, he would therefore in the future practice auto-suggestion in the opposite way. It is said that this simple method had the most happy results during the balance of the voyage. The next case is personal to the author. This gentleman had invariably been seasick during the shortest cruises he had made. He resolved to be proof against the affliction and applied auto-suggestion, so that last August, on the trip from Norway to England, he was able to look on his stricken fellow travelers with the mild contempt of an old sea-dog. The captain of the steamer, to whom he explained his remedy, did not appear surprised, but assured him that he was on the right scent, as imagination played a great part in causing seasickness. M. Zbinden has not confined his experiments to himself. To a very sick lady he prescribed ordinary cachou, under the name of "sovereign remedy," which enabled her to retain her meals. To an Englishman

who had not eaten anything in 48 hours, hoping to starve out his ailment, he suggested that a good meal would cure him. The man eats and feels well. He even smokes. Now a man who smokes is a man out of danger, and the Englishman concludes the voyage laughing at seasickness and smoking. On some very sick passengers M. Zbinden tried the musical cure. He made them play the harmonica. This relieves their minds and so much improves their condition that some of them begin to dance. Conclusion: Seasickness is imaginary. Only those feel it who fear it and have hypnotized themselves with the thought that they will have it, or rather will be had by it.

* * *

Welcome, Though Without Beauty or Wealth or Genius.

There are some characters who carry their wealth with them, who are rich without money. They do not need palatial homes or a large bank account. They do not need to buy admission to society—everybody loves them. They are welcome everywhere because they have that which money cannot buy—a genial, helpful, sunny, cheerful disposition.

Of course, everybody wants them, because it is a joy to be with them. Everybody loves the sunshine and hates the shadows and the gloom.

There is no bank account that can balance a sweet, gracious personality; no material wealth can match a sunny heart, an ability to radiate helpfulness and sweetness.

But such graces and charms never live with selfishness or self-seeking. It is the people who have something to give, not who are trying to get something, that are wanted everywhere.—*Success.*

One bushel of corn will make four gallons of whiskey; the farmer generally gets about 30 cents for the corn, the government gets \$4.00 license for selling the whisky, the man who drinks it gets drunk, his family gets L and every one connected with the deal except the farmer, should be ashamed of himself, and the farmer ought to demand the \$4.00 and let the government have the 30 cents. Any class of people who will sell the privilege of committing a crime will eventually have to pay the devil his due.—*From The Adept, Crystal Bay, Minn.*

* * *

The Muck-Raker of the Grocery Store.

"The muckraker of the grocery store—the novelist who will tell the hungry public the horrors of the open box—has not arrived," writes the editor in the *June Woman's Home Companion*.

"So far we have heard only of corporate plunder. What we need is a humbler genius who will stoop to small things, who will show us that in the ill-kept grocery store are the breeding places of those germs of the air that are more deadly than the beasts of the jungle.

"Our Own Page" cannot do justice to an expose of the uncleanly grocers—the 'germ trust,' we might call them. There are a few things, however, that every woman who reads these words can do to make conditions radically better.

"Don't buy out of the open box or the half filled barrel.

"Refuse to accept without thorough examination any goods or brands that are unknown to you.

"Always give the preference to goods that are in the original pack-

age—these, in almost every case, have been prepared and packed under thorough inspection.

"Where there are two grocers in your neighborhood or town, patronize the man that keeps the cleanest store and gives you the goods you know about and want.

"From time to time I shall have more to say about why these courses of action are the wise ones, why they must inevitably produce the same salutary effect on this vital every-day business, as we have seen result from the more spectacular crusades of men like President Roosevelt and Governors Hughes and Folk. For the time being I simply give you these maxims: Think about them; talk them over with your friends; see if they do not, after all, simply apply the standards of your own housekeeping common sense to the treatment of the things you eat before they enter your own house.

"And remember one thing—an unimpeachable kitchen floor and a sweet-smelling ice chest do not prove you a good housekeeper, if your grocery store isn't what it should be."

* * *

Pure Food Law Will Be Strictly Enforced.

Reports from Washington state that the Department of Agriculture is preparing for a vigorous enforcement of the pure food law. Plans are made public for the appointment of inspectors, who will work in the field and will collect samples of food articles and drugs for the purpose of ascertaining whether manufacturers are complying with the food and drugs act. Fourteen of these inspectors have been selected from a list furnished by the Civil Service Commission. They began their duties June 1.

As rapidly as the names of persons qualified can be furnished the department, other selections will be made. In all, thirty to forty inspectors will be required, but it will probably be some time before that number has entered the service, owing to the rigidity of the examination made by the Civil Service Commission, and the difficulty in finding persons fully qualified for the work.

Each inspector will have a district. His duty will be to buy samples of food articles and drugs, wherever they can be obtained in the open market. These samples will be turned over to the Bureau of Chemistry, which has a number of laboratories. If it is found a sample is in violation of the law, that it is adulterated and is not branded as the law requires, the manufacturer will be notified by the Department of Justice.

The sending out of inspectors into the field will mark the real beginning of the enforcement of the pure food law. It is the purpose of Secretary Wilson to see that it is strictly enforced.—*Modern Miller*.

In a little book recently published, entitled "The Cynic's Dictionary," by Mr. Harry A. Thompson, a Philadelphia wit not unknown to medical circles in New York, we find the following definition: "Curiosity. Paying a thousand dollars to see your appendix."—*Health*.

"You told him to diet himself," said the young doctor's wife.

"Yes," replied the young doctor, "I told him to eat only the very plainest food and very little of that."

"Do you think that will help him?"

"It will help him to pay my bill."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Here's to the stork,
A most valuable bird,
That inhabits the residence districts.
He doesn't sing tunes,
Nor yield any plumes,
But he helps out the vital statistics.
—*Portland Oregonian*.

✱ ✱ ✱

Birth.

Through space immeasurable I fly.
My soul is free to grow, expand;
I see the beauties of my Father's sky,
I see his love on every hand.

Alas! what does this darkness mean?
I gasp! I pant! the balmy air I miss;
A look of anguish on a Mother's face,
She presses on my face a kiss.

Where am I now? They all rejoice,
My infant wail the stillness breaks.
Upon my ear there falls a voice—
I sleep! and I am lost when I awake.

A man bends o'er me and exclaims
Upon my looks, and says he is my sire;
I try so hard to tell him to explain,
But only cry! My poor soul is on fire.

I am so cramped, I struggle to be free
And try to tell from whence I come, and am,
But, crying in impotent rage,
I go to sleep in Nurse's arms so calm.

To live a life by mortals' rule,
To learn the way of people here on earth;
To live! to do! to be, to learn, a school—
And this is what we mortals call a birth.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND SELECTIONS

A Personal Experience.

The following is a letter from an earnest woman seeking light upon the great mysteries of life and death. Her experience resembles that of thousands of others. The question of inter-communion between minds in the body and out of it is of absorbing interest to a vast concourse of humanity.

* * *

Death is the graduation from one plane to the next higher, and is a matter of *rejoicing* instead of mourning. We never feel like mourning when a beloved daughter blossoms into womanhood, or a precious son wins honors in high school which places him in college. Then it is ignorance of the truth concerning death which is the cause of the present condition among us.

My own experience may help some one to realize a little comfort, a ray of hope, perhaps, where now all seems dark. I am a mother, a woman who has given her life to her family, and happy beyond measure while doing it. As my darling daughter was the expression of all a loving heart could desire, her leaving me for the life beyond our gaze left me desolate, and my whole nature cried out for wisdom, for understanding of this terrible and mighty thing called death.

For years I have been an earnest student of life, demonstrating *health*, when the physician said there was no hope for me, and from my experience with the church at that time, I knew there was no consolation there, I therefore turned my attention to the ridiculed subject of spiritualism. Investigating it thoroughly and satis-

factorily, proving beyond a doubt that we are in close communion with those gone on before.

I went to a materializing medium and my daughter came and talked to me. I visited a spirit photographer, and her face was plainly shown on the negative. I sat with a medium and she controlled him, telling me things known only to ourselves (I was a perfect stranger to each one of the mediums.) She told me of her condition now, of the environments, of the manner in which her time is spent.

She told me last evening of an instance which explained what our sorrow does. She says they live together in bands or companies, the members being selected by a high, wise spirit, and the selection is made according to their unfoldment, so that each band is in perfect harmony, and has a wise, loving spirit who instructs, and in a measure controls them. She said she was asked by her teacher to be one of several who were chosen to accompany a newly-born spirit from earth; that they surrounded and carried this one to their home, where the best of careful attention was given.

She said in this case it was a beautiful young girl, the only daughter of doting parents, who were perfectly wild over their loss, and that it would be necessary for her to be kept asleep until they were reconciled, because their feelings would draw her to them in spite of all that could be done, and it would be too much of a shock to her to see their misery.

She says the realm next the earth is kept in a turmoil by there be-

ing so many thrust into the experience without preparation, through murders, suicides and disasters of all kinds; that there is a great difference to the spirit when it is torn instantly from the body, and when it is gradually prepared for death by thinking upon the subject and getting the mind ready to accept it; that the ones who are *forced* into the experience are rebellious, and will not accept the truth, and refuse to believe they are through with the earth life, and are anxiously seeking some avenue through which they may come in touch with earthly expression; and when they find a person who is *passive*, they push themselves into the body and do their best to live and express themselves in this way, but we call the person *crazy*, and put them in an asylum.

This is a danger which surrounds all sensitives, who try to develop mediumship without the protection of an organized band, which *all* good mediums have. They tell me it is very dangerous to give up to be controlled by a spirit without first being properly prepared for it by pure desires and a determination to be controlled only by higher, holier intelligence. Selfish, personal interests must not influence us, if we expect the good and pure to help us. They say there is a great need for the world to understand this fact, because there is an element which will harm instead of help us; that the experience, death, does not change our character in the least. Then there is much to be learned on this subject which the world should know.

I am sincerely,

MRS. JULIA COYLE,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Foresight is very wise, but foresorrow is very foolish; and castles are, at any rate, better than dungeons in the air.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

✱ ✱ ✱

A Unique Library.

BY EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD, IN SELF-MASTERY.

Weis Library, in Erie County, Pa., is unique in the fact that it is the only one in the country, if not in the world, that was built by a farmer, in a farming community, for farmers, endowed with farms, and having farmers for trustees. The fact that the plan has been a success in every sense makes the story of the library and the man who gave it of interest.

John Weis, the donor of the library, was born in 1819, on a farm six miles from Erie (then a small town) and his life was lived near the farm on which he was born. Reared in the days when life was hard he received but little education and hungered for the books and papers that were unobtainable. Realizing that their advantages would be, he made up his mind that if by industry and economy he could secure the means he would, someday, build a library that should be for farmers and their families and give them the privileges which he had so much wanted.

By constant labor and economy he became wealthy, yet kept on planning and accumulating, seemingly with no object but the love of money, for he had no family to provide for.

At his death, however, the world learned, by the reading of his will, the hopes and plans that had prompted his every move.

By the terms of his will two trustees were named (one from each of two townships) who should select a third one. The three were then to

decide on a location within the boundaries of the two townships, purchase not less than two acres of land, and erect a building to be maintained as a free library for the benefit of the residents of those townships.

A few specifications as to what should, or should not, constitute the equipment and uses of the building were given, but in the main the discretion of the trustees was trusted to decide what was best, as time and circumstances should develop the needs of such an institution.

To support the library he left five of the finest farms in the country to five young men who should pay to the trustees two hundred dollars annually for twenty years, after which the farms were theirs absolutely. He also left city properties, and a small fortune in cash.

The building is a substantial two-story brick, with a fine basement, surrounded by two acres of well kept lawn and garden. Three driveways, bordered by neatly kept hedges, approach the building from the different roads whose intersection was one of the reasons for selecting the location.

The main doors open into a fine reception hall, at the rear of which is the business office and a postoffice.

A finely equipped reading room; the book room, containing twenty-eight hundred volumes; a beautiful reception room, and part of the living rooms belonging to the librarian are on the first floor.

In the second story there is a fine "Auditorium," where all sorts of social gatherings and entertainments are held, and in the basement a large kitchen for the use of such parties.

The woodwork throughout the building is in oak finish, and with the many large windows makes a delightfully light and cheerful place. In the

reading room there stands an old "Grandfather's clock" which is an heirloom in the Weis family. A fine piano furnishes part of the equipment of the auditorium, pictures are in all the rooms, and everything is cozy and homelike.

The wish of the donor was to give to the people, not alone the use of books and periodicals, but as many added benefits as might be, and in planning the building this fact was kept in mind with the result that the place is the very center of social life for the townships, as well as an educational help.

The constant use made of this library leads to the question why help along such lines would not be as much within the province of the Department of Agriculture as help in teaching agriculture in schools. It certainly provides a place for the examination of such literature as the Department furnishes, and a place, likewise, for meetings of all sorts of farmers' clubs, granges and other things that tend to the promotion of agricultural knowledge and interests.

* * *

A Remarkable Series of Lectures in New York.

The New York city daily papers contain most extraordinary reports of Dr. J. Godfrey Raupert, who has been lecturing at Delmonico's on "Spiritualism," under the auspices of the Catholic Library association. Dr. Raupert is a member of the London Society for Physical research and in his lecture claims to have had personal and verbal intercourse with the shade of St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order of Jesuits.

The greatest efforts were made by the Catholic Library association and Father Joseph H. McCann, its mod-

erator, to keep out of the lecture hall all outsiders, non-Catholics, reporters and professional spiritualists. The audience of 200 was made up mostly of priests and Catholics.

Every person inside had to be vouched for by a member of the association. The highest dignitary of the church present was Bishop O'Gorman, who is in charge of the diocese of Sierra Leone, West Africa. Dr. James J. Walsh, of Fordham college, considered one of the brilliant Catholics in the professions here, was also in the hall.

The reason for the lecture was a subject of the most earnest controversy after it was over. It was learned that Dr. Raupert is not only engaged in lecturing to the Catholic clergy on the occult, but is also delivering lectures at the Dunwoodie seminary. After seeing him display photographs which he asserted to be actual reproductions of the astral body, hearing him talk of spiritual communication with the departed and of spiritual communications in writing to him, all with the sanction of the pope, and this under the auspices of the Catholic clergy of New York, priests left Delmonico's bewildered and parishioners dazed.

The lecture itself was a setting forth of the usual experiences claimed by spiritual mediums, including the claim of materialism and the exhibition of a number of spirit photographs.

One Catholic, after leaving the lecture, declared that this spirit lecture before the clergy and select laity of the Catholic church was the most radical and remarkable thing that had ever occurred in the history of the church in this country, and that if Dr. Raupert was lecturing at the request and with the acquiescence of

Pope Pius the whole Roman Catholic people of America would be amazed. And so would we, says the American Israelite.—*Detroit News-Tribune.*

* * *

Life-Giving Secretions of the Body.

If a person is dominated for a moment by, say a passion of anger, there is set up in the physical organism what we might justly term a bodily thunderstorm, which has the effect of souring, or rather corroding, the normal, healthy and life-giving secretions of the body, so that instead of performing their natural functions they become poisonous and destructive. And if this goes on to any great extent, by virtue of their cumulative influences, they give rise to a particular form of disease which in turn becomes chronic. So the emotion opposite to this, that of kindness, love, benevolence, good will, tends to stimulate a healthy, purifying and life-giving flow of all the bodily secretions. All the channels of the body seem free and open; the life forces go bounding through them. And these very forces, set into bounding activity, will in time counteract the poisonous and disease-giving effects of their opposites.—*From In Tune With the Infinite.*

* * *

An Uncomfortable Nightgown.

She had been visiting friends in Baltimore and, never having been to sea, determined to return home to Boston by water.

On the morning of the second day out, a friend observed that, when the indisposed one made her appearance on deck, she presented evidence of great fatigue.

"Didn't you sleep well?" asked the friend, alarmed at the other's appear-

ance. "The sea has been perfectly calm."

"Sleep!" repeated the unhappy sufferer, "I didn't get a wink of sleep! I'm tired out. I shall never travel by water again."

"What causes this excessive fatigue?" asked the friend.

"Why, trying to sleep in that thing. I saw a card in the stateroom telling how to put on the life-preserver and I thought I understood the directions perfectly. But, I suppose I didn't, for I was frightfully conscious of it, all night.—*Success.*



Rev. R. J. Campbell, Advocate of the "New Theology."

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London, May 18.—In another age Reginald John Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, would have been burned at the stake as a heretic. And there are those today, perhaps both in the United States and Britain, who believe that he merits such a punishment, men—and women, too—who cheerfully would help pile the faggots around him and light the pyre.

As readers know, a big religious controversy is raging, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell is the storm center. Although Mr. Campbell had expressed his views as early as September of last year it was only at Christmastide that his message was set forth fully in the public press. The world was startled. Here was no shrieking demagogue, no blatant charlatan. It was a confession of faith in science by an earnest minister of the gospel, a man of tried and proved sincerity, the successor of the famous Dr. Joseph Parker, the holder of the pastorate of London's great City Temple. Some-

what to his own astonishment, apparently, Mr. Campbell was suddenly hoisted into the position of Chief Apostle of the New Theology—although he abominates the title.

This man, of Irish parentage, of Scotch extraction, of English birth and education, is today known in all the four quarters of the globe. He is denounced and praised for his alleged heresies in a score of different languages, and in thousands of letters and newspapers that come pouring in upon him.

According to Mr. Campbell this "new theology" is not agnostic; but is the gospel of the humanity of God and the divinity of man. In speaking of the movement following his candid confession of "new" faith, he says: "This is only incidentally a theological movement. It is a religious quickening; it is rising spontaneously in every church in Christendom, and sooner or later it will call the whole civilized world back to God. It will put an end to the alienation from religion of the masses on the one hand and of the intellectual classes on the other. It is the Gospel of the Kingdom of God."

Two years after his marriage, the proud father of a child, Mr. Campbell entered Oxford university as a student. He went to Christ church, the college of King Edward, of Gladstone, Salisbury, of a majority of the modern prime ministers of England. In a long spell of sickness news was brought to his bedside that he had graduated and that he had won the honors of the university in modern history and in political science.

When he recovered his health he fought the great fight. The mysticisms of the High Church of England fascinated him, but he revolted at the dogmas. Great churchmen of the day

argued with him. Yet he wrenched himself away from that church and began preaching in the little Free churches around Oxford. And twelve years ago he definitely acknowledged a church—not of his father—but of his grandfather.

As a full-fledged Congregationalist, Brighton called him. The church there—at England's queen of watering places—was small, forsaken, practically at its last gasp. But in a year there came a marvelous change. Famous people from all the world sojourn at Brighton. They came under the spell of the young preacher—this Free church convert from the Church of England. The little church overflowed. Marie Corelli, Professor Lecky, Mrs. Barney Barnato, Lord Rosebery, England's present premier—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—cabinet ministers, great scientists, churchmen, literary lights of all creeds, denominations, flocked to hear Campbell. Such was his success that the other Congregationalist church in Brighton was joined to his.

Seven years later all England acknowledged him an inspired preacher, and including Parker himself, recognized him as the man to fill the justly celebrated pulpit of the City Temple when it should become vacant.

As prophesied, he followed Dr. Parker at the City Temple. That was nearly four years ago.

There is now talk of ousting Pastor Campbell because of his confession of faith. Some outsiders have taken legal advice, and may attempt through the courts to turn him out of his pulpit. But this is not worrying him. Nor his friends and supporters, who are legion.

Mr. Campbell says:

"For want of a better phrase, let us call the movement the New The-

ology. But one can call it also the higher politics or the higher sociology. For it is one and the same thing. The social reform movement is the gospel of the humanity of God and the divinity of man. Social reformers may not admit it, they may not know it. They may say the movements are parallel. But I believe they are one and the same.

"The church has nothing to do with getting men into heaven. Its real work is to get heaven into this everyday world. Too long has the church been trying to save men from suffering in the world to come. Too little it has concerned itself with the root of suffering in this world.

"But social reformation, that is, the gospel of the kingdom of God, is surely and swiftly spreading. When men get up in the United States congress, in the English parliament, in the legislatures of the world, and discuss and plead the cause of the poor, the betterment of the unemployed, the sanitary housing of the masses, old-age pensions, they may be called by the press and public socialists, labor leaders, what not, but they are the true Christians; they are preaching, as well as I am, the gospel of the kingdom of God.

"What is wanted in the world today is a general conference of the churches of all creeds, the sinking of those creeds and the liberal discussion of our common aims. Each church now holds its own conference. At these they go over the same ground. These same questions discussed at conferences of Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and all the other churches are exactly the questions discussed in the legislatures, at meetings of social reformers, at street corner meetings, by press and pulpit and public. They are

the questions of the hour, the day, the progress of Christianity and the betterment of the world."

In conclusion, I venture a prophecy regarding the Rev. R. J. Campbell. It is that this modern crusader will be the first man of his cloth to sit in the British house of commons, and that he will lead a great political party, that of social reform.

CHARLES BYNG-HALL.



The Green Inn.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

(*In the July Scribner.*)

I sicken of men's company—

The crowded tavern's din,
Where all day long with oath and song

Sit they who entrance win;
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse
Or ragged coat and poor,
But Silence waits within the gates,
And Peace beside the door;
The weary guest is welcomest,
The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine;
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden flecks and fine;
And swift and fleet, on noiseless feet
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store—
Great drinks mixed cunningly,
Wherein the scent of furze is blent
With odor of the sea,
As from a cup I drink it up
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn
Unvexed by man or ghost,
Yet ever fed and comforted,
Companioned by mine host,

And watched at night by that white light

High-swung from coast to coast.

Oh, you who in the House of Strife
Quarrel and game and sin,
Come out and see what cheer may be
For starveling souls and thin,
Who come at last from drought and fast

To sit in God's Green Inn!

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Nerve Force.

Two wonderful machines have been perfected for measuring a mysterious human power known as "nerve force"—a power of which no satisfactory explanation can be offered by science. The one machine is known as a "biometer," a suspended copper needle three inches long; the other as a "sthenometer," a balanced straw eight inches long, both being completely inclosed by glass.

If a human hand be held over one or other of these machines, the needle is rotated through 20 to 60 degrees, and so remains for a fixed time, for what reason no one precisely knows. There is no possibility of illusion or the movement being caused by any other force than the hand, for without it the needle does not move.

Dr. A. T. Schofield, who writes on this seeming miracle in the *Contemporary Review*, says:

"We are now face to face with a demonstrable force, the nature of which is scientifically unknown.

"One doctor has conducted over 5,000 observations on it, so that the facts are pretty well established. I have experimented with it for nearly two years, and can find no known

scientific cause for the movement of the straw. The inventor of the sthenometer has for six years made exhaustive experiments with his machine, and all that we can say is that it measures 'nerve force.'

"But what is nerve force? Of course, answers are not wanting, and to the imaginative, as to the 'sensitive' and 'clairvoyant,' all is simple. 'It is a vibratory ether projected from the body in various ways according to the state of health.' As 'seen' by men of repute who have these spiritual gifts, and carefully investigated for years, the emanations consist of innumerable hairs, which are not actually hairs, but very fine tubes, containing a reddish 'fluid.' The source of these hairs appears to be the touch corpuscles which abound in the hand. In health the hairs stand straight out at right angles to the body; in feeble health they droop, and fall downwards against the body, while in any form of mental trouble, conscious or unconscious, they are all tangled in masses as in a quick-set hedge. These appearances have not only been described, but photographed, some in one way and some in another."

Dr. Schofield has discovered that the movement caused by the right hand exceeds that caused by the left hand by some 10 degrees:

"In my own case the right hand registers 42 degrees and the left 31 degrees, which may be taken as a fair normal average. After a severe 'fit' and in certain other conditions the straw will not move at all for either hand, sufficiently disproving that heat is the motive power, for the hand is then quite warm. In certain other cases the left movement is constantly more than the right; while in others, while the right may move

50 degrees, the left does not stir. It will be seen, therefore, that there is every possible variety in the attractive force of the two hands, and it is very interesting to watch by the aid of this machine the gradual return to full nervous energy."—*Detroit News-Tribune*.

If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have a headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you by all the angels to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruptions and groans.—*Emerson*.



What Becomes of Fish.

Veteran Angler Declares They Never Meet Natural Death.

"Fish never die a natural death," said an old fisherman who has observed as he fished. "If they did bodies of dead fish would be floating on the surface of the water about all the while, because such bodies if unmolested would have to float.

"I mean, of course, fish in nature never die a natural death, not fish in captivity. And perhaps it should not be called natural death that fish in captivity die. Their environment induces mortality that fish in their native habitat would escape, and these causes might be properly classed as among the accidents that carry the captive fish off.

"If fish in their native element were never molested, I believe they would never die. If they had sufficient food, which would be impossible if they no longer preyed on one another, there would be no reason for their dying. It was to prevent such uninterrupted tenure of life that

all fish were made fiercely predatory, if not remorselessly cannibalistic, as many kinds are.

"A fish's life is a constantly strenuous one and one entirely selfish. A fish lives only to eat and to avoid being eaten."



Divorce in America; The Solution.

The above is the title of a series of articles by E. Ray Stevens, judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit, Wisconsin, which were recently published in The Outlook. In The Outlook of June 8th Mr. Stevens concludes his article in that issue as follows:

All of us believe that marriage should be a lifelong union; that the ideal relationship is one that shall keep husband and wife together in sickness and in health until death does them part. But when the marriage vows are violated every day, when the home fails entirely to secure the divine purpose for which it was created, then, for the sake of children yet unborn, for the protection of ourselves and our homes, for the future welfare of the State, we must sever those ties that bind husband and wife to a bondage more galling than the galley, that condemn little children to lives in the blasting influence of these so-called homes, foul with corruption, where lust poisons, brutality rules, and hate usurps the place of love.

It is easier to call divorce an evil than it is rationally to discuss the problem and work out a solution. Bad divorce laws, laxly administered, do invite crime and domestic infelicity. But drastic divorce legislation may be as immoral and lead to even more disastrous consequences to society

and to the individuals most concerned. A wise divorce law, properly administered, is not a menace to social morality. Cases come to the courts every day where divorce is a social duty.

If you feel that divorce should not be granted, go sit in the court-room and listen to the tales told by these wretched men, women, and children; soon will you repeat, with Carroll D. Wright, "I do not believe that divorce is a menace to the purity and sacredness of the family; but I do believe that it is a menace to the infernal brutality, of whatever name, and be it crude or refined, which at times makes a hell of the holiest human relations. I believe the divorce movement finds its impetus outside of laws, outside of our institutions, outside of our theology; that it finds its impetus in the rebellion of the human heart against that slavery which binds in the cruelest bonds of the cruelest prostitution human beings who have by their foolishness, by their want of wisdom, or by the intervention of friends, missed the divine purpose as well as the civil purpose of marriage. I believe the result will be an enhanced purity, a sublime sacredness, a more beautiful embodiment of Lammartine's trinity—the trinity of the father, the mother, and the child"—to preserve which "in all its sacredness society must take the bitter medicine labeled 'Divorce.'"



Written for the Stellar Ray.

In the June number of the Stellar Ray, I find an article under the caption of "Concentration—A Protest," by Madam DuBois.

The madam's idea seems to be, that professional concentration, consisting of looking at a dot on the

wall or into a cup of water or other similar systems of concentration, are a waste of time. Then she goes on to advise concentration on the ordinary occupations of the day.

This, in a way, is all right enough, but it is nothing new, nor is it good information to the hungry student anxious to draw in the spiritual light from the more refined spirituality.

The Madam does not seem to understand that there are two kinds of concentration, that is the positive and the passive.

For instance, the hypnotist is determined, his subject shall see a cow, or a horse or any other object. He becomes so positive that he actually sees the thing he wants his passive subject to see. If the subject be positive he will see nothing, but if he be passive he sees what the operator wishes him to see, and this is why all people cannot be hypnotized. The law of continued application makes it easier to fall into the passive state the second time.

It has long been known that a persistent effort of an ax maker will develop a more perfect ax maker, or any other mechanical operation, can be more highly developed by concentration on the subject and purpose of one's work.

It is said that if a person wishes to develop mediumship or clairvoyant powers, or to get perfect control of the mental forces, the physical forces must be set at rest or rocked to sleep as it were, and another set of nerves and muscles brought into action. Someone has discovered that the mind must be gradually brought from its active state until the passive condition is reached, and looking at a dot or into a cup of water are among the favored ways

of rocking the tired nerves and muscles to rest while awakening the passive ones to action.

The hoe and the sickle were used for ages, and the laborious farmer was a good physical slave, long ages before the inventor set a new lot of nerves and muscles at work and invented the reaping machine and cultivator. The inventors were undoubtedly called "visionaries" by their contemporaries.

The church has been blindly teaching what they thought was the only road to spirituality, for ages, while at every turn throwing stumbling blocks in the way of true spiritual progress by frightening the people with an imaginary devil and hell, at the same time binding them more closely to ignorance by their false teachings.

Madam DuBois no doubt meant well, and her article will be applauded by those who let the 16th century school of philosophy do their thinking. But her article is a stumbling block in the way of true spiritual progress.

LYMAN E. STOWE,

A 20th Century Philosopher.

It would seem that Prof. Stowe has failed to comprehend Madam DuBois, who contributed to our June issue a practical, common sense protest against an increasing tendency to a lack of practicality, in a certain line of effort to develop the power to succeed. Madam DuBois is right—work while you work, then at leisure, in the silence of passive relaxation, absorb strength and wisdom for better work. We do not agree with Prof. Stowe that such a "protest" is a "stumbling block in the way of true spiritual progress." It is a good rock to stand upon from which to look before you leap. In nature's siftings of the wheat from the tares,

she will garner for safe keeping both the enthusiastic mind which leaps in the dark and the gentle conservatism that glides harmoniously with graceful forward steps.—Editor.

* * *

"Will Wellman Fly to the Pole?"

Walter Wellman, the celebrated Arctic explorer, has a second paper in the July *McClure's* on the airship trip to the Pole which he expects to make in a month. In this article, which he calls "Will the 'America' Fly to the Pole?" he describes his marvelous airship "America" and tells of dozens of ingenious inventions embodied in it that have never before been used by aerial navigators. Some idea of what a gigantic ship the "America" is may be gained from a few of the many proportions and figures he gives: "Its length is 183 feet, and its greatest diameter is 52.5 feet. The steel car underneath it is 115 feet long, and from the bottom of this car to the top of the gas-reservoir the distance is 65 feet, the height of a four-story house. The surface of the gas-reservoir or balloon is 24,000 square feet, or more than half an acre, and the weight of the cotton, silk, and rubber is two tons. When the ship sets out upon its voyage it will embrace more than twenty thousand pounds—ten tons—of material and cargo." There are a crew of four men, twelve dogs with sledges, instruments of all sorts, sleeping and cooking gear, boat, oars, skees, guns, ammunition, etc., which weigh more than a ton. There are also in the cargo more than a ton of provisions and three tons of gasoline.

How they will sail when they can, keeping in touch with the earth by a

trailing guide-rope, stuffed with a reserve supply of food, and anchor when they must by means of a retarder which will be lowered from the forepart of the car, Wellman graphically depicts. He tells of the Arctic advantages to airship navigation, of peculiar Arctic difficulties and of the almost incredible inventions by which they hope to overcome them, of their chances for fair winds—worked out from scientific observations,—of the busy life during their voyage when each man of the crew must be on duty eighteen hours each day and of the four strings to their bow, or four plans of action; the first being to sail to the Pole and back to headquarters or no other land, and three alternatives which will probably yield them partial successes at any rate. One cannot imagine a more fascinating subject for speculation than this Wellman article of adventure in the making.

A crowd of troubles passed him by
 As he with courage waited;
 He said, "Where do yon troubles fly
 When you are thus belated?"
 "We go," they say, "to those who
 mope,
 Who look on life dejected,
 Who weakly say 'good-bye' to hope,
 We go where we're expected."

—Francis J. Allison.

As Mrs. Hetty Green grows older she dresses better and with more care, and is said to be less careful about expenses. She is gradually understanding that the income from her many millions is sufficient to support herself and her daughter without danger of the almshouse.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

Prosperity Through Thought Force.

BY BRUCE MAC LELAND.

Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

This book is a gem of beauty in its material construction. Beautiful, restful violet covers enfold the rich pages, printed in a large clear type that impresses itself not only upon the physical vision, but upon the sense of the fitness of things; for this handsome type adds dignity and force to the message the book contains.

"This book is not written for those who do not try," says the author, but we advise everyone to read the book. If they have not tried before, they will be inspired to think and endeavor with forcefulness and success.

An interesting view of "Training in Hatha Yoga," by Prof. William James, of Harvard, is one of the important articles in *The Nautilus* for July. Prof. Edgar L. Larkin writes of the recent Mothers' Congress and the new science of Eugenics. Other important articles are "How to Live the Wholesome Life," W. R. C. Latson, M. D.; "An Occult Observatory," Karl von Wiegand; "A Meditation on the Divine Intelligence," Florence Morse Kingsley; "Positive and Negative Conditions," Ellen Price; "When to Begin," Rose Woodallen Chapman; "Environment," William E. Towne; "The Pilgrims," Bolton Hall; "Law of the Rhythmic Breath," Ella Adelia Fletcher; "Salvation," Eleanor Kirk. Two good poems are "One Music," by Edwin Markham, and an addendum to "My Country, 'Tis of Thee,"

called "In the Major Key," by Florens Folsom. Elizabeth Towne's editorials include a refreshing view of the Corey-Gilman case, "Wrinkles," and "When Neighbors See Too Much of Each Other." William E. Towne's "Netop Notes" afford quaint little views of nature and human nature.

* * *

The Science of Chiropractic.

Volume 1 (400 pages) was the first book published upon this subject, by the first school, and written by the Father of Chiropractic, Dr. D. D. Palmer, the discoverer and developer, from which all Chiropractors trace their lineage, and also founder of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Ia., with the collaboration of B. J. Palmer, D. C.

It deals primarily with the causes of all diseases, and eleven full-page half-tones show how to adjust vertebrae.

It is this work that has aroused so much discussion among medical and osteopathic journals, publications and fraternities within the past year. This school is backed by numbers of Osteopaths who have taken a course at this school and express their opinions freely in this book.

It is well bound, leather backed and tipped and gold leaf lettering on back. Substantially bound and printed on the best of book paper. All illustrations are on heavy enamelled paper. The work is well worth the small price asked. Price \$3.35 postpaid. Make orders payable to Astro Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Vol. 2.

Volume 2, just off the press (155 pages), gives many new ideas regard-

ing the embryonic stage of life. It explains mysteries and is the first book that dared to beard the lion in his den and question "sympathetic nervous system." The nervous system is discussed as a philosophical unit, giving to man a completeness (physical and mental) which he has never been credited with before.

Functions, what they are and how performed, are gone into with this same unity, and how they could, would and do become abnormal under conditions with certain causes existing.

"Serous Circulation" (another distinctly Palmer School discovery, covering 44 pages) is broadened and more thorough reasons established for its existence. No discovery, of recent years, has been more bitterly attacked, and yet stands undowned.

This book portrays the cream of Chiropractic discoveries and new ideas of the year past. To the person wanting scientific detail, of a technical nature, this is complete, practical, comprehensible and what he ought to have had thousands of years ago.

Price \$1.15 postpaid. Both volumes may be ordered direct through the Book Department of Astro Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

"Chiropractic defined is the science of cause of disease and the art of adjusting by hand all sub-luxations of the three hundred articulations of the human skeletal frame, more especially the 52 articulations of the spinal column, for the purpose of freeing impinged nerves."

The Stuffed Club teaches "how to think in the language of health." It is edited by Dr. J. H. Tilden at Denver, Colo.

The Swastika. A magazine of triumph. Edited by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, is published at Denver, Colo. The June issue is especially attractive and interesting. It contains a delightful account by Margaret McIvor-Tyndall of a visit to Luther Burbank.

* * *

The Great Secret, and other tales.

BY J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

These stories are founded on the facts of the supernormal life. The writer says: "If these tales established on facts of the supernormal life awaken in the mind an interest in that life which skirts the field of our common experience and promises soon to invade it, they are not written in vain."

Mr. Grumbine is an eminent specialist in occult sciences, and is the author of numerous books for psychic unfoldment. Our readers will find that he has an interesting advertisement in our advertising columns.

We are in receipt of a copy of "*In The Silence*," a piece of music dedicated by Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs to the Society of Silent Unity, under the auspices of the Unity Tract Society. This sweet song may be purchased at the Unity Bldg., 913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo., price 25c. Orders for 12 or more copies will be filled at a discount.

The Detroit News-Tribune is one of the best daily papers in the State of Michigan. The Sunday editions are replete with instructive and interesting articles upon varied and practical subjects.

This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

* * *

He Wanted a New Meter.

The following letter was received by a gas company in one of the large cities:

Feb. 18,

Dir Sir Wil you Ples sand Amen
tufix thy Gas in 3987 Bushwick av. in
star ay nid a niw midar thy midar iz
licin Plis Sand Kwikest iu ken.

Werry truly ior atansin.

* * *

Quieting the Baby.

A New York scientist, the father of a large and growing family, has his troubles. One evening his youngest was holding forth in her best style. The mother could do nothing with the child, so the man of science went to the rescue.

"I think I can quiet little Flora," he said. "There's no use in humming to her in that silly way. What she wants is real music. The fact that I used to sing in the Glee Club at Yale, and sang well, too, may make a difference."

Accordingly, the professor took the child and, striding up and down the room, sang in his best manner. He had not finished the second verse of his song, when a ring was heard. The door was opened, and there stood a girl of fourteen, who said:

"I'm one of the family that's just moved into the flat next to yours. There's a sick person with us, and he says, if it's all the same to you, would you mind letting the baby cry instead of singing to it?"—*Success.*

Have you ever noted the sun-faced and the moon-faced people you meet, upon the street or in the cars? Here comes a man whom Browning would describe as a

"Finished and finite clod,
Untroubled by a spark."

He may be tall or short, fat or lean, old or young; but something proclaims the absence of light within.

A good dinner, a fast horse, a successful morning on 'change may paint his face with a light of "satisfaction"; but you feel the precariousness of it. There is a lack of that light within that could not be rubbed out though things chanced to go wrong that morning! This is the moon-faced man. Poor fellow! he is our relative. Do we not sometimes see him in our mirror when things have gone wrong with us?

But how cheering and tonic is the presence of the sun-faced man,—who, though, prospered or unprospered, though having "headache or sciatica, or leprosy or thunderstroke," betokens through it all the mild, serene light that burns inextinguishably within! He may not always have happiness, but he never has that something better—blessedness. He is not perpetually being cast into eclipse by the capricious withdrawal of fortune's smiles. He can say, "I am pressed on every side, yet not straitened; perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed."

For

"The mind is its own place, and of itself

Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

—*Caroline J. Bartlett.*

Intensely Interesting Lectures.

Like a magician's wonders are the revelations of the causes of disease which the lecturer, Dr. B. J. Palmer, divulges with rational clearness, fortified by scientific data and twelve years of experience, in his course of eleven lectures which are now compiled and published in the second volume of the *SCIENCE OF CHIROPRACTIC*.

In glancing through some of these lectures, we were impressed with the marvelous mechanism of the human frame, and of the untiring devotion to the cause of health for mankind back of such work, as these lectures explain in such a readable manner.

It is a notable fact that while the subject of health is of such vital importance to the general public, it does not care to read elaborate scientific treatises upon the subject. One important reason why these works upon Chiropractic should be read by all interested in the subject of good health, is their simple style, easy of comprehension. This volume would prove to be a valuable addition to any library of science, in fact, indispensable to such a library and of interest and value to the general reader.

We have heretofore mentioned a valuable treatise on the *SCIENCE OF CHIROPRACTIC, its principles and adjustments*, by Dr. D. D. Palmer, the discoverer and developer of the science. This is truly a great work. It contains over four hundred pages of instructive and interesting matter, and instead of being, as one might infer from its title, a volume replete with scientific data and terms that are more or less wearisome to the uninitiated, it is entirely comprehensible and contains a revelation of nature's marvelous laws of sympathy and her system of signals for warning

physical man when something is wrong, together with Dr. Palmer's presentation of the Palmer Chiropractic method of adjusting the cause of disease. Every one should read it.

THE PALMER SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC is widely advertised in a multitude of publications, and the reader will find a page in the advertising columns of this issue describing the institution.



Practical Health.

By Leander Edmund Whipple, and
Published by The Metaphysical
Publishing Co. of New York.

This work is a superb treatise upon the right use of the mind for practical health. Since the publication in 1893 of *The Philosophy of Mental Healing*, there has been a continuous demand for a book that should present the principles and ideas therein explained in a more practical form for every day use. The writing of the present work, *Practical Health*, was undertaken accordingly for the purpose of meeting these requirements to a reasonable extent. The instructions given have been thoroughly tested and proved and may be relied upon as correct. Its price is \$1.50, handsomely covered in light, tan-colored cloth with gold lettering, and contains about 350 pages.

Patient (just before the operation)—Now, doctor, before you go any further tell me just what's the matter with me?

Dr. Kutem (absently)—Do you think if I knew what was the matter with you that I'd hold this operation?
—*Health.*

"Drop the subject when you cannot agree; there is no need to be bitter because you know you are right."

STELLAR SCIENCE

The Sun in Scorpio.

A person born between October 23rd and November 21st will recognize some of his own characteristics and propensities in the following, although the hour of birth and locality in which the person is born cause variations.

The Sun in the sign Scorpio, or the eighth house, increases vitality, but if the horoscope shows affliction, there is liability to early and sudden death, of the nature of Mars and Scorpio.

A death often occurs in the family or those closely associated near the birth of the native.

The position is unfavorable for parents, especially the father. In a female horoscope it may cause death or estrangement from father or husband, and while it gives children, it threatens the death of one, especially a son.

The sun in this sign gives extravagance, firmness, determination. The native resists outside influences and changes that do not originate with himself, has much pride and self-confidence, with energy and activity; is often passionate, with strong temper.

This influence shows contradictory influences of good and bad, rise and fall, which will be found in different horoscopes according to the aspects, sometimes in the same horoscope at different times. The native may follow some plebian or unpopular occupation and rise considerably therein—or vice versa. In some way the apparent contradiction will work its effect.—*Science and Key of Life.*

Judge not thy friend until thou standest in his place.—*Rabbi Hillel.*

People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character.—*Emerson.*



Star Study.

By Coulson Turnbull.

Star study in the past has done much for humanity. Think of what it has done for navigation and geography. The time was when even the best informed philosophers regarded this earth as the universe and the sun, moon and stars as only its appendages and ornaments.

Our earth was considered a vast plain, underneath somewhere at an unknown depth, they imagined a dismal cavern peopled with the countless ghosts of all departed mortals.

It is now different. The age of intuition is here. Man beholds a bond of connection in all forms of life. He seeks to be a master—a knower—a Gnostic, a Christ.

The art of reading the stars is simple, compared with the labor and expense of a few years ago. Star study is a subject that has the highest claim upon the metaphysical student, in fact any one devoted to the study of life's mysteries and wonders. In this study he is led up rationally and harmoniously into the hidden beauties of creation, the Verbum, or Logos. He sees how the star vibrations mystically weave themselves into the thought-waves of man, and tell how and when those thoughts and therefore acts shall germinate.

The study is marvelous, uplifting, and gives life a broader meaning and grander dignity, and if there were no other lesson to be learned than that it teaches the absolute justice

of our present material incarnations, the effort would not be lost to the heavy-laden sons of men.



Genesis Explained and Illustrated

(Continued from July issue.)

The successive gaseous, vegetable and animal waves.

After the gaseous, followed the great mineral wave and the spirit atoms of future egos, so to speak, became incarnated. The various formations of earth took place, mountains, continents, etc., while those above the surface of the water became the ocean bottom, taking with them their imprisoned atoms and the oceans now occupy their proper beds. This period constituted the third polar day. Here we see that after active operations of spirit and the astral light, the gaseous and mineral waves have prepared the earth for the evolution of the first vegetable forms and thus the vegetable wave reaches the barren shores of our planet, and produces the first rudimental forms of vegetable life, which develop into the most gigantic forms, rude and unshapely as the planet on which they grow. But as time goes on, so does the vegetable kingdom, each age giving place to still more perfect forms of vegetable life. Thus, the gaseous, mineral and vegetable waves, having run their courses, the animal life wave now sets in, and successively evolves the various orders of animal life, race after race appearing, running their destined course and becoming extinct, giving place to the higher and more complex organisms.

Thus, the various waves of evolution have prepared the planet for nature's grandest climax, the human form, man. During former periods the vegetable and mineral have be-

come evolved, and when man appears upon the scene, everything is in a vastly improved condition, and more highly developed when compared with the conditions of the early monstrous forms. Thus was this planet made ready to receive the soul that took upon itself the matter form, in accordance with the conditions then existing upon the earth.

We find man living in what tradition speaks of as the golden age, a time when mankind lived in a purer, happier state, true Adams and Eves, we may say, in the spiritual image of God. This was the culmination of the ascending arc of that cycle of evolution when man was in the summer of his perfection, which he had reached by long periods of evolution upon other planets, and had attained to a knowledge and understanding of the laws of nature and of the laws of life, being such that the soul dominated the body, and having dominion over all the elements and forces of the earth.

This was in truth, the golden age, but we find there are descending arcs, which we may term devolution, as well as ascending arcs of evolution, that is, the lower qualities began to assert themselves. As first instance, we read that the sons of God saw that the daughters of men were fair to look upon, that is, those who had not made these high spiritual attainments, and they took to themselves wives, and thus began to fall away from the higher principles, and drift into the whirlpool of devolution, having ceased to live that high, pure life by which true wisdom can be known and lived. This descending arc culminated in the iron age, and the soul of man, once dipped in the material environments, prepares to find its way upwards again to the light.

The golden age was followed by the silver age. These descendants, comparatively pure, and able to control the psychic currents, were far inferior to their forefathers of the golden age. In the third, or copper age, people were, in the same comparison, inferior to those of the silver age. Mankind was on the downward arc; lies, deceit and selfishness became engendered in the copper age. Thus the power of controlling the psychic currents was lost, and from this emanated a school of what is known as black magic. It was in this age, too, that the first elements of that curse of mankind arose, that is, Caste. This, the copper age, was the last remnant of those who inherited the divine wisdom of those who existed in the period of the golden age.

(To be continued.)

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A Terrestrial Paradise.

(Written for *The Swastika*.)

BY EDGAR L. LARKIN, DIRECTOR OF
LOWE OBSERVATORY.

The location of this observatory is unique.

It stands on a peak rising up out of the "Terrestrial Paradise," the orange-covered plains of Southern California.

The central summit is in a vast amphitheatre, formed of colossal peaks round-about; some on a level with the observatory, and others 1,200 feet higher. On either side are yawning canons. Rubio on the east, 670 feet deep, descends precipitously from the walls of the observatory; while Los Flores Gorge makes rapid descent to a depth of 1,250 feet on the west.

A chain of old Sierra Madre's

range is coiled in mighty links enclosing Echo mountain. Extending from the southeast round through east and north, through northwest, whence it rapidly declines to the west and sinks away into low hills smothered in a wilderness of orange, lemon and a myraid of other fruit trees.

Beyond is the sea, the tossing waves, and islands in the distance. Speech is impotent to portray the glories of the sunsets from the vernal equinox to the summer solstice, and return of the sun to the equinox of autumn.

The angles made by mountain ranges with the ecliptic are such that the sun is enabled to pour radiant floods in between, lighting the canons with supernal glory. But it is to the mighty and serrated contour of cliffs and peaks that scientific interest is attached.

So transparent is the air that minute stars are seen at the absolute instant of rising; a wonder never observed outside of a mountain observatory.

Thus the writer never saw a star rise up out of a horizon until coming to this enchanted place. No sorcerer of Egypt or Eleusis ever conjured up a more mysterious and wierd spectacle, or influence, making impression more fascinating to mind and sense, than the rising of the Milky Way over the eastern knobs, domes, turrets and towers standing above the canon. The galaxy is made of hundreds of millions of suns.

They look like minute diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, emeralds and other gems. The telescope often displays a field of view containing 40,000 stars.

The field is always inverted, and as the lenses magnify, the rotation of the earth is very apparent. The re-

sult is that the stellar hosts appear to be pouring into the canon.

I am unable to summon words to describe this effect, one eye on the brink of the canon and the other on the descending flood of starry points, a Niagara Falls of precious stones.

The observatory is above more than half the dust layer that surrounds the earth. The stars burn and blaze with a brilliancy all unknown to observers below.

In August and September, the great constellations Sagittarius and Scorpio, far and away in the south, hang up sidereal sheets, draperies of cloth of pearl, and drag the careless garments along in ocean waves.

These are dense regions of the Galaxy, and this colossal band encircling the sidereal structure is whiter than as seen from observations on low plains.

After the Galactic belt is seen trailing in the southern sea, with glittering splendor, even down to the very waves, stars in wave crests!

The wonderful stellar floor is visible from this observatory. It is the foundation of the visible universe. It is either made of countless billions of stars sunk to inconceivable depths, or the entire structure of stars is surrounded by dim nebulous, shining matter.

I have watched this cosmic pavement during six years, in all parts of the sky visible in this latitude. It is best seen on the darkest night just after rains have cleared out all traces of dust from the mountain air.

Of course, there are numerous openings, jet black places in a background of pearl. These are the awful windows, wide open to the unknown and unknowable beyond.

No delicate tracery can be seen

in these, they are as black as blackest jet.

Special study has been made of Scorpio and Sagittarius, and over one hundred rents, doors, windows, cracks, seams and openings have been seen in the primordial cosmical base or foundation. These starless fields are impressive, far and away beyond all power of words to express.

They seem like giant caves, wide canons or deep caverns cut in waste places in space.

Alone, on a distant mountain at the midnight hour, or the still more magical hour, 2 a. m., armed with a great 16-inch telescope, is occult or esoteric, if there are such entities.

With glowing stars above, and canons below, and a hundred sentinel peaks, round-about, the scene is most weird, indescribably grand and inspiring. The mouths of the canons are blacker than Egyptian night. But beyond all, for strange effects on mentality, is the incredible silence.

Amid the mountain and canon solitude, the hush, the stillness, the awful silence, intense above thought, prepares the mind to listen to the sound of the axis of the earth in its turning.

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Modern Astronomy.

(From *The Outlook*.)

To have captured photographically the first spectrum of a shooting star, the first spectrum of the aurora borealis, or the first spectrum of a flash of lightning; to have revealed definitely and conclusively certain characteristics common to our own earth and a neighboring planet; to have added thousands of new stars to our catalogue of the heavens, or to have increased by ever so little our

human knowledge of a single one of these innumerable children of infinity—these are only a few of the interests of modern astronomy, and to the astronomer of pretty nearly the same importance.



Bishop Fallows Believes Planets Have Sinners.

Chicago, June 3.—Missionary work for the salvation of souls will not stop on earth, but will go right on with increased enthusiasm in heaven, Bishop Samuel Fallows, of St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal church, asserted yesterday in a prelude to his morning sermon.

There are two days about which nobody should ever worry, and these are yesterday and to-morrow.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

The days come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from some friendly party; but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.—*Emerson.*

I always seek the good that is in people and leave the bad to Him who made mankind and knows how to round off the corners.—*Goethe's Mother.*

MISCELLANEOUS

WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
 In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
 In roaring market place, or tranquil room;
 Let me but find it in my heart to say
 When vagrant wishes beckon me astray;
 "This is my work; my blessing, and not my doom;
 Of all who live, I am the one by whom
 This work can best be done, in the right way."
 Then shall I see it not too great, nor small
 To suit my spirit and so prove my powers;
 Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring hours
 And cheerfully turn, when the long shadows fall
 At eventide, to play, and love and rest,
 Because I know for me my life is best.

—*Henry VanDyke.*

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it.—*Phillips Brooks.*

All impatience disturbs the circulation, scatters force, makes concentration difficult if not impossible.—*C. B. Newcomb.*

To persevere in one's duty and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.—*Washington.*



The Girl Who Pays Her Way.

"You probably have no conception of your importance as a unit. Few of us have," writes Margaret E. Sangster in *Woman's Home Companion* for July. "Yet society is so constructed that we depend on one another, and, without quite understanding it, we constantly assist in molding the opinions and shaping the conduct of people whom we may never meet, and who apparently never approach our neighborhood. For instance, I knew intimately a young girl who was born in a tenement house on the East Side of New York, who scrambled up as best she could through a meager and poverty-stricken childhood, working as a cash girl in a department store when she was fourteen, and later earning her livelihood in a tobacco factory. Her work when she first became one of my girls' was very hard and unwholesome. Her face was pale, her fingers were stained, her hours were long, and her weekly wage, most of it given to her mother, was a sum that many girls in well-to-do families spend on candies and chiffons without a thought of economy. But she had a dainty air, was fastidiously neat, arranged her hair very prettily and was gentle and attractive in speech and manner. She had the sweet and refined air of a lady. How to account for it would have been a puzzle had I known girls of only one condition and training. I asked no questions, yet I found out without much trouble what I wanted to know. My little friend was spending a Sunday with me, and she said, incidentally, 'When I was a "Fresh

Air," the year I was ten, I saw a young girl who must have been fifteen. She was the loveliest thing you could imagine. She used to drive down the road past the farm where we were staying, and I knew she was going to the train to meet her father. After she stopped with her mother and visited a little with us, and I made up my mind that I would be like that girl. I tried to talk as she did. I made her my pattern. Afterward, when I was a "cash," I sometimes saw her in the store, and oh! what a joy it was when at last she came to the Settlement and sang for us in the evenings. That girl has been my ideal."

"Did you ever tell her about it?" I asked.

"I have never spoken a single word to her," was the reply. "I don't want to. I like better to think of her as a star or a beautiful flower. She belongs to me, and I belong to her, and if we were acquainted maybe it wouldn't be so perfect."



Bible Myths.

Jonah did not spend three nights and three days in the belly of the whale; Christ never walked on the water; the liver, not the heart or brain, is the seat of the soul. These three propositions sharply arrayed the Bible against science at a recent imposing gathering in Philadelphia. The men who entered in the debate were intellectual heavyweights, members of the American Philosophical Society, assembled in their yearly meeting.

There was nothing of irreverence in the proceedings. Most of those who took part are professing Christians, some of them prominent in church and philanthropic work. Only a spirit of research and a desire to

combat what they believe to be error furnished a motive for the attack on some of the most cherished stories of Bible history.

William A. Lamberton, professor of Greek language and literature at the University of Pennsylvania, introduced the discussion questioning Christ's walking on the water. He said that the tale grew entirely out of a misinterpretation of the Greek. He explained that "on the water" should read "by the water," which would clear away all the mystery and make it evident that during the famous incident the Master was walking on the beach. Prof. Lamberton pointed out that even among the Bible writers there is a difference of opinion on the incident. Thus though Matthew, Mark and John are substantially agreed, Luke in his very detailed gospel never mentions it at all. As he was one of those in the boat, it is reasonably certain that he would have had something to say about such a wonderful event had it occurred.

Equally radical were the differences of opinion provoked by a paper on the subject of "Jonah's Whale." Prof. Paul Haupt, of Johns Hopkins University, introduced this subject. The professor dealt with an opinion often expressed that no whale ever had a mouth big enough to let a man pass. He explained that this might be true of the right whale, whose gullet is very small, no larger than a man's fist, but the reverse is the fact in connection with the sperm whale. Giant sperm whales have been found whose length is 100 feet and girth 40 feet. These could readily take down a man. So far Prof. Haupt agreed that there was nothing impossible about the story, but when it came to the part that told how Jonah had lived in the belly of the

monster for three days and three nights, he insisted that this could not have been, was scientifically out of the question. Against the theory of being able to live for even a couple of hours in the interior of a whale is aligned the united medical opinion of the world, which says that suffocation would result in a very short space of time from confinement in such quarters.

Next to the discussions of Jonah and the water-walking story in point of interest came a study of the soul by Prof. Moris Jastrow in which he advanced the proposition that in the days of the ancients the liver was regarded as the seat of that indefinable something we know as the soul. All the earlier writings accepted this liver theory, said Prof. Jastrow, hence if we accept the ancient authorities we must subscribe to the doctrine. The ancient's admiration for the liver is easily understood. It is the largest gland in the body. Unlike the lungs, the stomach and other organs, it is a beautiful red, in health, and is firm and clean looking. The heart itself is much smaller and gives no such impression of strength. Therefore, writers of old in telling of that spirit of man which should survive long after his material body had passed into dust, placed it in his liver.

Every year the society gains new members of importance. Seventeen new members of the society, including five representatives from foreign countries, were chosen this year. Those from other countries included Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, of Paris, delegate to The Hague Conference of 1899; Ambassador J. J. Jusserand, George Carey Foster, F. R. S., D. Sc., LL. D., professor of physics in University college, London;

John C. Kapetyn, professor of astronomy in the University of Groningen, Holland, and Sir William Turner, K. C. B., D. Sc., D. C. L., F. R. S., principal of the University of Edinburgh.—*The Detroit News-Tribune*.

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Don't Wobble.

There is one sort of man that there is no place for in the universe, and that is the wabblers, the man on the fence, who never knows where he stands, who is always slipping about, dreaming, apologizing, never daring to take a firm stand on anything. Everybody despises him. He is a weakling. Better a thousand times have the reputation of being eccentric, peculiar and cranky even, than never to stand for anything.—*Success*.

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How the Lamp Chimney Was Discovered.

The comfortable and convenient lamp chimney of every-day use is to be attributed to a child's restlessness. Argand, a native of Switzerland, a poor man, invented a lamp the wick of which was fitted into a hollow cylinder, that allowed a current of air to supply oxygen to the interior as well as the exterior of the circular frame.

The lamp was a success, but its inventor had never thought of adding a glass chimney, and probably never would have thought of it, had not his little brother been playing in his work room while Argand was engaged with the burning lamp. The boy had gained possession of an old bottomless flask, and was amusing himself by putting it over various small articles in the room. Suddenly he placed it over the top of the lamp,

and the flame instantly responded by shooting with increased brilliance up the narrow neck of the flask. Argand's ready brain at once caught the idea, and his lamp was perfected by the addition of a glass chimney.

The Doctor—"You are to take ten drops in a wineglassful of water after each meal."

The Patient—"Doctor, as a member of the W. C. T. U. I object to the word wineglass."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Time and again we have seen lordly animals in their native state, peaceful, happy and seemingly enjoying to the full the gifts of life, wounded or killed at the pulling of a trigger. If such animals are wounded, they are relentlessly pursued, and may for hours or days suffer agony before death closes the suffering.

Hunting is a relic of barbarism in man's nature. One of the most pitious of sights is to see life pass out of the innocent, quivering, helpless grouse, quail, dove or other birds. Often these scenes are garnished with the cheers and laughter of their hunters, when beating out the brains of the birds that sharply cry and cling to their lives.

Achievements of construction and not of destruction should be unfolded to young susceptible minds. The miseries, griefs and horrors of war should be pointed out, and not transient glories that ever have sickening backgrounds of slaughter and disease. Then your boys will be less eager to pick up loose stones to throw at birds, then wild animals will less likely regard man as their natural enemy. Less likely would thousands of boys be slaughtered and mutilated on holidays in the heedless use of explosives.

Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

Henry W. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," which was written in 1839, became one of the most popular poems in the English language. When the poet was in London, says the *Christian Register*, Queen Victoria sent for him to come and see her at the palace. He went; and, just as he was seating himself in the waiting coach, after the interview, a man in working clothes appeared, hat in hand, at the coach window.

"Please sir, yer honor," said he, "an' are you Mr. Longfellow?"

"I am Mr. Longfellow," said the poet.

"An' did you write the 'Psalm of Life?'" he asked.

"I wrote the 'Psalm of Life,'" replied the poet.

"An' yer honor, would you be willing to take a workingman by the hand?"

Mr. Longfellow gave the honest Englishman a hearty handshake. "And," said he, in telling the story, "I never in my life received a compliment that gave me more satisfaction."

"The Psalm of Life" was translated into fifteen languages, into Sanskrit, Mahratta, India, and into Chinese by a mandarin; and a copy of the translation was sent to Longfellow.



Take a Record.

See How Many Friends Are Hurt by Coffee.

It would be just as reasonable for a temperance advocate to drink a little diluted whisky as to drink coffee, for one is as truly an intoxicant as the other, and persistence in the use of coffee brings on a variety of chronic diseases, notorious among

which are dyspepsia, heart palpitation (ultimately heart failure), frequently constipation, kidney troubles, many cases of weak eyes and trembling condition of the nerves.

These are only a few of the great variety of diseases which come from an unbalanced nervous system, caused by the persistent daily use of the drug, caffeine, which is the active principle of coffee. Another bit of *prima facie* evidence about coffee is that the victims to the habit find great difficulty in giving it up.

They will solemnly pledge to themselves day after day that they will abandon the use of it when they know that it is shortening their days, but morning after morning they fail, until they grow to despise themselves for their lack of self control.

Any one interested in this subject would be greatly surprised to make a systematic inquiry among prominent brain workers. There are hundreds of thousands of our most prominent people who have abandoned coffee altogether and are using Postum Food Coffee in its place, and for the most excellent reasons in the world. Many of them testify that ill health, nervous prostration, and consequent inability to work, has in times past, pushed them back and out of their proper standing in life, which they have been able to regain by the use of good health, strong nerves, and great vitality, since coffee has been thrown out and Postum put in its place. "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs., it has been called "a health classic," by some physicians.

The will of the present is the key to the future and moral character is eternal destiny.—*Horatio Stebbins.*

Time, an Illusion That Weakens Man.

What is the nonsense we hear about life being too short for this and that performance? Life is eternal! If we cannot do a thing today we have all eternity to do it in. Paradoxical as it may seem, men who never force themselves, and believe they have all the endless future to do things in, are the very great men who do many great and lasting works today, now, and here. These great souls, who are not labeled "strenuous," are the real great workers of the world today. It is a sign of weakness to hear a person say or write "Life is too short" for doing this or that thing. That is one of the old pessimistic expressions of the Old Thought, and has nothing to do with us of the *New* and the *Now*. An eternal spirit has nothing to do with time or space; it lives only in eternals and universals, and yet really lives in the present moment. How paradoxical seems the language of the Soul! Life too short! No time to waste! Nay, 'tis not so, beloved child of the eternal All-Father-Mother—thou hast all Life, all time. Cleanse thy mind of the illusion of time.—*The Magazine of Mysteries.*



Meat or Cereals.

A Question of Interest to All Careful Persons.

Arguments on food are interesting. Many persons adopt a vegetarian diet on the ground that they do not like to feel that life has been taken to feed them, nor do they fancy the thought of eating dead meat.

On the other hand, too great consumption of partly cooked, starchy oats and wheat or white bread, pas-

try, etc., produces serious bowel troubles, because the bowel digestive organs, (where starch is digested), are overtaxed and the food ferments, producing gas, and microbes generate in the decayed food, frequently bringing on peritonitis and appendicitis.

Starchy food is absolutely essential to the human body. Its best form is shown in the food "Grape-Nuts," where the starch is changed into a form of sugar during the process of its manufacture. In this way, the required food is presented to the system in a pre-digested form and is immediately made into blood and tissue, without taxing the digestive organs.

A remarkable result in nourishment is obtained; the person using Grape-Nuts gains quickly in physical and mental strength. Why in mental? Because the food contains delicate particles of Phosphate of Potash obtained from the grains, and this unites with the albumen of all food and the combination is what nature uses to rebuild worn out cells in the brain. This is a scientific fact that can be easily proven by ten day's use of Grape-Nuts. "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Books give to all who faithfully use them the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.—*Channing.*

To have what we want is riches; but to be able to do without is power.—*George McDonald.*

What wealth it is to have such friends that we cannot think of them without elevation.—*Thoreau.*